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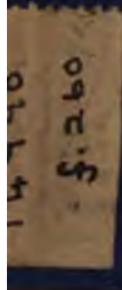
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A Memorial  
of  
C. J. M.



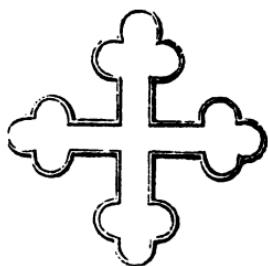


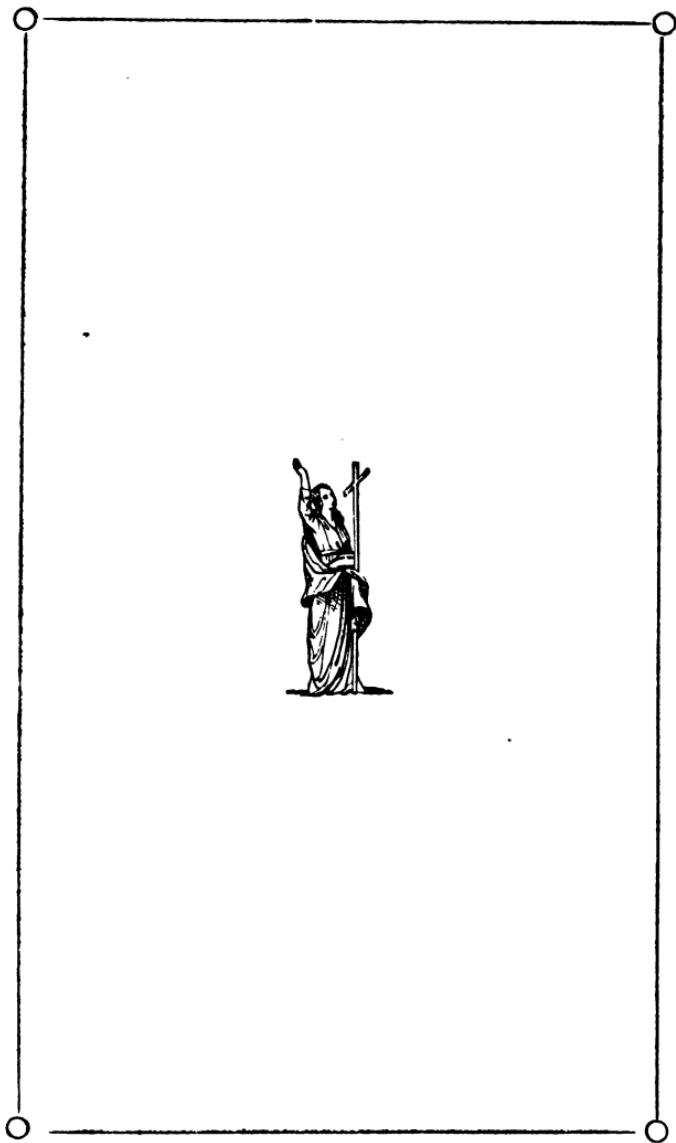
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A Memorial  
of  
C. J. M.





A Memorial

of

E. J. M.

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH: IT IS THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED."

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

*Song of Sol. v. 2; St. John xi. 25.*

OXFORD:

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1856.



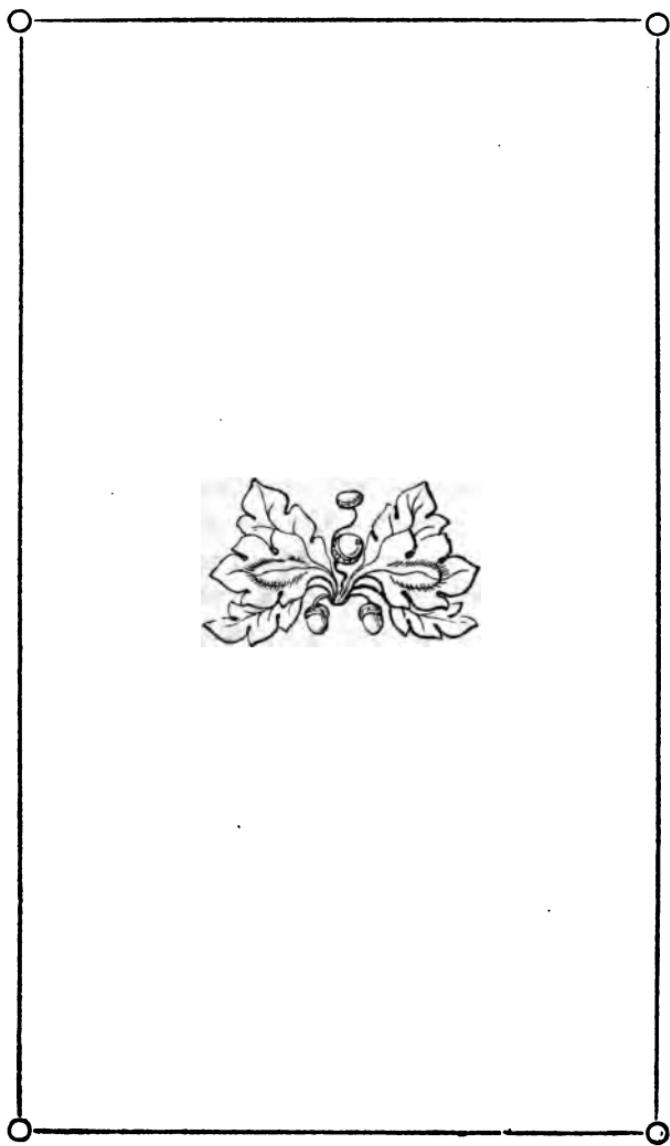
TO  
JULIA ELIZABETH  
AND  
EDWARD HENRY MARSHALL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

It has pleased God that your dear mother should be called away before you could know her worth. In time to come, if God will, you will think of her gentle ways, as you hear of them from others, or recall them yourselves, (for one of you, at least, will not forget her presence,) but I would not have you depend entirely upon this for what you know of her mind and character. I have taken the following pieces from some which she has left behind, that you may hold converse with her yourselves, and learn to what subjects her thoughts were turned. I have only to add, that, being with her day by day, it was mine to witness how, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, sincerity and truth were hers; and

I am, dear Children,  
Your affectionate Father,  
E. M.

HASTINGS,  
*April 2, 1856.*



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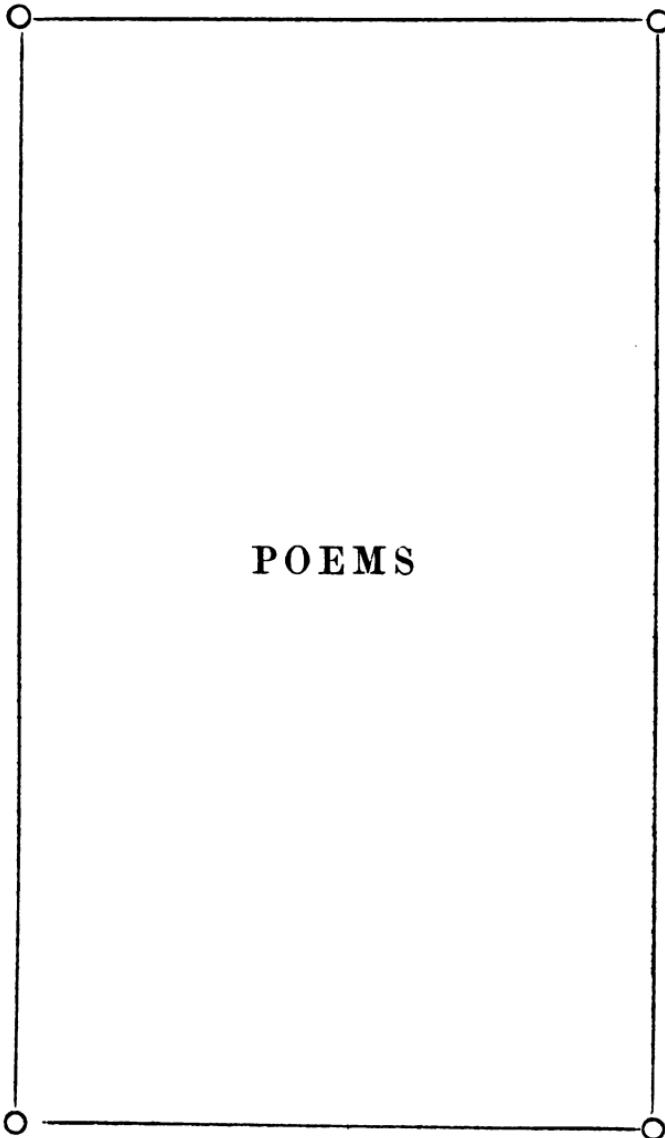
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POEMS



THE ROSE\*.

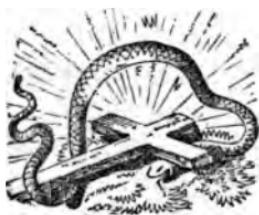
WHEN Adam still was dwelling  
In Eden's garden fair,  
The rose, all flowers excelling,  
In sweetness blossom'd there;  
No thorn to guard its beauty seen,  
Where never yet a foe had been.

When Adam, Eden leaving,  
A life of toil must lead,  
O'er forfeit pleasures grieving,  
And one rebellious deed,  
The sweet rose cheer'd his sadden'd way,  
But blossom'd on a thorny spray.

No thornless rose is growing  
In this our world of woe,  
No cloudless sky is glowing,  
All flowers must fade that blow.  
Our trees stand leafless half the year,  
And half our days are dark and drear.

\* See the *Hexaëmeron* of St. Ambrose, book iv. ch. 11. tom. i. col. 51, C.  
Ed. Ben.

And 'tis in mercy given,  
That earthly joys are brief,  
Or men, forgetting heaven,  
Would ask no better life;  
And hearts that now are rais'd on high  
Would look for bliss below the sky.



A PRAYER.

HEAR, gracious Lord ! If sorrow's smart  
Would sanctify Thy servant's heart,  
If pain would quell the spirit's pride,  
The will by griefs be purified,  
Then welcome be the chast'ning rod  
That brings the sinner nearer God.

But, if it please Thee to refrain  
Thine hand awhile, and spare us pain,  
To lead us in a peaceful way,  
With naught to tempt our feet astray,  
O make us lowly, give us grace,  
To bless Thee for the present peace.

But never let us boldly dare  
To make the trial, seek the snare,  
To ask for sorrow, ere we know  
Our spirit's strength to brook the woe ;  
To ask for pain, temptation seek,  
Then find too late our faith is weak ;

Rashly to cry, "Lord! let us come,  
Leaving our safe and quiet home,  
To join Thee on the midnight waves."  
Alas! they hide a thousand graves,  
And those who dare, uncall'd by Thee,  
To venture on the stormy sea,

May haply sink and perish there,  
No answer given to their prayer,  
No saving hand held out to keep  
Their footsteps on the treach'rous deep,  
No ear to hear their cry of woe,  
"Lord! o'er our souls the waters flow."

January 16th, 1848.



THE POET'S LAMENT.

A LITTLE while and health was mine,  
And I was strong and gay,  
And proudly swept the poet's lyre,  
And sang the melting lay;  
And thoughts and visions, bright and fair,  
My soaring fancy bless'd,  
And lofty hopes of future fame  
My secret soul possess'd;

And day-dreams wrapt my spirit round,  
To common minds unknown,  
And ev'ry breeze bore music sweet,  
To reach mine ear alone;  
And ev'ry flower and ev'ry leaf,  
And ev'ry earthly thing,  
Convey'd some glorious thought to me,  
Or bright imagining.

I mov'd upon our common globe,  
And seem'd a dweller there;  
My spirit liv'd in a world of thoughts  
My brethren could not share;

I lov'd to leave the vulgar crowd,  
For I scorn'd my fellow-men,  
To spend my days in converse sweet  
With my minstrel harp and pen.

Then sickness came, all dark and drear,  
My spirit felt its chain,  
And slow and sadly pass away  
The weary hours of pain.  
My visions bright, my cherish'd hopes,  
With health and strength are flown ;  
The tuneful lay no more I wake,  
And I am all alone ;

And gloomy thoughts my heart oppress,  
But the saddest of them all  
Is to think of the wasted time and gifts  
I never can recall ;  
To think my days were idly spent  
Beside some murmur'ring stream,  
And all mine energies employ'd  
On a sonnet or a dream.

1845.



FLOWERS OF EARTH AND FLOWERS  
OF HEAVEN.

A GARLAND fair our hands are twining,  
A garland fair to deck his tomb ;  
There side by side, in beauty shining,  
Are the loveliest flowers that bloom.

A garland fair our hands are twining,  
But fairer still the angels' wreath ;  
Their flowers for evermore are shining,  
And ours are frail as mortal breath.

Yet flowers of earth of flowers of heaven  
A likeness bear, an image true,  
As on the river's breast is given  
The reflex of celestial blue.

And types they are of gifts and graces,  
Bestow'd on souls to Jesus dear,  
As saints that shine in heav'ly places  
Are shadow'd forth by emblems here.

As is the stainless snowdrop bending,  
When chilly blasts of winter blow,  
E'en such thou wast, thy beauty lending  
A fleeting world of sin and woe.

10 FLOWERS OF EARTH AND FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.

As meek thou wast as violet, dwelling  
All hid beneath its leafy screen,  
Its fragrance rare all flowers excelling,  
Its lowly blossom scarcely seen ;

And pure as forest-lily, hiding  
Where dark and deep the shadows fall ;  
Or gentle primrose, meek abiding  
For shelter 'neath the oak-trees tall.

And, as e'en thou didst taste of sorrow,  
Ere thou to perfect peace might'st go,  
Or bliss obtain when dawns the morrow  
That shall nor night nor ending know,

One flower we bring, in purple glowing,  
One mystic flower of meaning deep,  
In wondrous wise a picture shewing  
Of the scene on Calvary's steep,

Where He Who waits to open Heaven  
Endur'd for us all pain and loss,  
And taught us how, ere peace be given,  
His saints must bear their Saviour's cross.

Dec., 1850, after the death of E. M., aged seven months.



THE CHURCH-BELLS.

HARK ! what music, softly falling,  
Floats upon the boundless air ?  
Lo ! the church-bells, sweetly calling,  
Bid us to the house of prayer.

On the breeze, from spire and steeple,  
Is that sacred music borne,  
Happy sounds for Christian people,  
Heralding the sabbath morn.

Let the sweet-voic'd bells allure thee  
To the house where God is nigh ;  
There those holy sounds assure thee  
Thou mayst learn to live and die.



STANZAS<sup>b</sup>.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

'Tis sweet indeed from life to cease,  
Ere we have run the weary race,  
    Or reach'd the distant goal;  
To win, unsought, the victor's wreath,  
And early to the arms of death  
    Resign the willing soul.

'Tis bless'd to die in childhood's bloom,  
Lest with'ring care or sullen gloom  
    Life's opening flower deface;  
To leave a world where sorrow reigns,  
For bliss that mocks the poet's strains,  
    And everlasting peace.

But 'tis more blessed still to do  
Our Maker's bidding here below,  
    And, resting on His love,  
From earth's dark landscape raise our eyes  
To brighter scenes and fairer skies,  
    The happy realms above;

Through toilsome years of pain and grief  
To find in prayer our best relief,  
    And fix a steadfast faith  
On Him Whose saving blood alone  
For man's offences may atone,  
    And blunt the sting of death.

To leave the world ere yet we know  
The blighting power of sin and woe,  
    Is happiness indeed;  
But happier he, the battle done,  
Who, kneeling at his Saviour's throne,  
    Receives the conqueror's meed.



### JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

“And He said, Let Me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.” *Gen. xxxii. 26.*

My strength decays, my spirit fails,  
Unequal in the fight;  
But love victorious still prevails,  
And hope burns clear and bright.  
In conflict with no mortal foe,  
All through the night I've striven,  
And yet I will not let Thee go,  
Until Thy grace be given.

I've wrestled long, I wrestle still,  
My weary limbs are weak,  
And see on yonder eastern hill  
The light of morning break;  
Thou wouldst be gone, but faith is strong,  
And Thou canst open heaven;  
Mine arm the struggle shall prolong,  
Until Thy grace be given.

Through all the dreary night of life,  
In toil, and pain, and woe,  
My steadfast soul maintains the strife,  
And will not let Thee go;  
No grace shall crown the faithless heart  
That faints in sight of heaven :  
The Lord of light and love Thou art,  
All gifts to Thee are given.

Dec. 1850.



E Z E K I E L<sup>c</sup>.

HE saw his heart's best treasure die,  
And laid her in the grave,  
Yet shed no tear, and breath'd no sigh,  
Nor sign of mourning gave ;  
His eyes' desire, his well-belov'd,  
The partner of his soul ;—  
Yet the meek spirit was not mov'd  
To break its strong controul.

“Rise, son of man, My message bear,  
Reveal a wondrous sign ;  
And thou to weep and mourn must spare,  
A greater work is thine.”  
The prophet heard ; one will had he,  
The will of God alone ;  
And only car'd that will might be  
E'en in his anguish known.

\* See Ezek. xxiv. 15—18.

“A perfect work of grace and love,  
In man’s deep grief display’d,  
Thy faith thou shalt in silence prove.”—  
The mandate was obey’d.  
His heart was rent, his spirit dim,  
Yet at the word he rose,  
God’s glory all in all to him,  
Who knew no selfish woes.



THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

THE weeping widow crav'd no boon,  
She did not kneel in pray'r,  
Nor cry for help; we are not told  
That even faith was there.

Why did our blessed Saviour pause,  
His power and love to shew?  
We read, Compassion fill'd His heart,  
To see that mother's woe.

'Twas pity then; or may we deem  
It was not that alone?  
Is not our gracious Lord Himself  
His Father's only Son?

And saw He not that future scene,  
O sad, yet blessed sight!  
A scene of mercy, as of woe,  
The Cross on Calvary's height?

And one who mourn'd her only Son,  
And stood that cross beneath,  
A widow'd mother watching there,  
Still faithful unto death?

GOOD FRIDAY.

“I have stretched out My hands all the day unto a rebellious people.” *Isaiah lxv. 2.*

“Lo! from My cross all day have I  
Stretch’d forth My hands in vain,  
For Israel’s sons have heard My cry,  
And stubborn still remain.

“My gracious arms would fain embrace  
The people of My love;  
For thee, thou dear though fallen race,  
I left the bliss above;

“For thee I suffer countless woes  
Through many a weary hour;  
And healing from My wounds there flows,  
If thou wilt own its power.

“Lo! all the weary day do I  
Stretch forth My hands in vain,  
For Israel’s sons have heard My cry,  
And stubborn still remain.”

To Israel's sons the Saviour cried,  
Nor yet to them alone ;  
For thee, my soul, He liv'd and died ;  
Their warning is thine own.

His hands to thee the Lord stretch'd forth  
Through all that livelong day,  
To save thee from His Father's wrath,  
To take thy sins away ;

To nail them to His cross of pain,  
And all thy guilt remove ;  
And wilt thou stubborn still remain,  
Untouch'd by all His love ?

O turn thee, ere the sun go down,  
And death's dark shadows fall ;  
Thy Saviour, while He owns thee, own,  
And heed His gracious call.



ST. MARY THE VIRGIN AND ST. MARY  
MAGDALENE.

Two Maries follow'd Jesus' steps,  
And stood His cross beside ;  
Alike in name and faith were they,  
By love and woe allied ;

Yet how unlike ! the holy maid,  
The favour'd one of heaven,  
Who bare the Saviour of the world,  
Such grace to her was given ;

And she, the sinner bath'd in tears,  
Who came her sins to lay  
At His bless'd feet, whose blood alone  
Could wash her guilt away.

Still bless'd are both ; and we from them  
The lesson may obtain,  
That sinner ne'er sought Jesus' feet  
And sorrow'd there in vain ;

That He in pure and spotless hearts  
Will evermore abide,  
And penitence and innocence  
May worship side by side.

THE TOMB OF CHRIST<sup>d</sup>.

“The angels of peace shall weep for Thee.” *Is. xxxiii. 7 ; Sept.*

IN stillness and in peace,  
Thou in the tomb wast laid,  
Where earthly cares might find no place,  
Nor sin nor pain invade,  
Saviour and Lord ! And fain would we  
There in that silent chamber be,  
There hide our sins, there seek relief  
From all our toil and all our grief.

Abode of peace divine  
To hearts that sigh for rest,  
A sacred home, a solemn shrine,  
Shrine by Thy presence bless'd :  
And yet awhile we shrink and fear  
To enter in and sojourn there ;  
Can that a place for sinners be,  
Where the good angels wept for Thee ?

<sup>d</sup> See Williams *On the Passion*, pp. 427, 8.

Will they not bid us go,  
Whose sins increas'd His pain?  
The holy angels ever know  
A purer, higher strain;  
Somewhat they learn of love divine,  
Who in God's presence sing and shine;  
They learn to love whom Jesus loves,  
To welcome those their Lord approves.

The day reproves our sin,  
And bids us hide our shame,  
But we shall find Thy tomb within  
None to reproach or blame.  
From ev'ry eye of man we flee,  
To find our refuge, Lord, in Thee.  
O give us comfort and repose,  
By all Thy pain and all Thy woes.

Naught but Thy love is there,  
Thy mercy and Thy death,  
Nor need we thither aught to bear,  
Save penitence and faith.  
Earth's visions may no entrance win  
The hallow'd sepulchre within;  
But in that still and rocky cell  
Peace, hope, and mercy ever dwell.

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

THERE is a garden sweet and fair,  
A garden far away,  
The trees are green for ever there,  
Where nothing knows decay ;  
The flowers are ever gay and bright,  
Rejoicing in eternal light.

It is the garden of the Lord,  
Who entrance there did win ;  
And turn'd aside the fiery sword,  
That we too might go in,  
There to abide a little space,  
Till dawn the fulness of His grace.

And there they dwell, those happy ones,  
Their earthly trial o'er,  
Whom His elect the Saviour owns,  
And there they weep no more,  
But may not be to glory brought,  
Till all His work the Lord have wrought ;

Till some who yet on earth abide,  
And some who yet shall be,  
In faith have liv'd, in hope have died,  
And gain'd the victory;  
And the full number be complete  
Of saints before the judgment-seat.

Till then they dwell, those spirits bless'd,  
In Eden's green retreat,  
And daily gather'd to their rest  
More and more souls they greet,  
By angels brought, their bliss to share,  
And wait awhile in quiet there.

Grant, gracious Lord, O grant that we,  
When death's dread hour is past,  
May with Thy saints in safety be  
In Paradise at last,  
And, dwelling there, see lov'd ones come,  
To join us in that peaceful home.



ST. STEPHEN'S PRAYER.

WHEN holy Stephen meekly knelt  
Before his murderers' blows,  
For them, ere yet he fell asleep,  
His fervent prayer arose.

And heaven gave answer soon ; lo ! Saul  
Is granted to that prayer,  
To fill his place, a witness bold,  
Through many a toilsome year.

And so, when just men, meek and true,  
In supplication bow,  
The God Who heard St. Stephen's prayer  
Will hear them even now ;

For in that hour a pledge He gave,  
Still changeless to remain,  
That they who pray in faith and love,  
Shall never pray in vain.

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

THE billows of this world of woe  
    Around his footsteps roar,  
Through death's dread vale the saint must go,  
    Ere yet he reach the shore :  
A giant in the strength supplied  
    By heavenly grace, he braves the tide.

His shoulders bear a childlike form ;  
    Well may his step be bold,  
And firm his eye to meet the storm,  
    Whose arms the Saviour hold ;  
With Jesus, blessing from above,  
    In paths secure he still shall move.

Bless'd Christopher ! thy way pursue,  
    But hold thy Saviour fast,  
For yon dark vale thou must pass through,  
    Ere heaven is won at last ;  
And thou, thy toilsome journey o'er,  
    Shalt rest upon th' eternal shore.

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

No vigil stern precedes your day,

Ye angels bright !

At once it dawns in perfect light,

Without or dawning grey,

Or pale twilight.

The saints through sorrow enter'd in,

Perfect by pain ;

They ran a race their crowns to gain ;

They strove heaven's gate to win,

Heaven's bliss attain.

But ye were not baptiz'd in blood,

Or martyrs' fires ;

No path, beset with thorns and briers,

Ye trod, no narrow road,

Ye angel choirs !

For ye were made, as now ye are,

Bright stars and pure,

Through endless ages to endure,

Without or sin or care,

In bliss secure.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

Why should we think we are alone,  
When some we prize from earth are gone,  
And we no more behold  
The forms and features once so dear,  
Nor, save in dreams, the voices hear,  
We lov'd so well of old ?

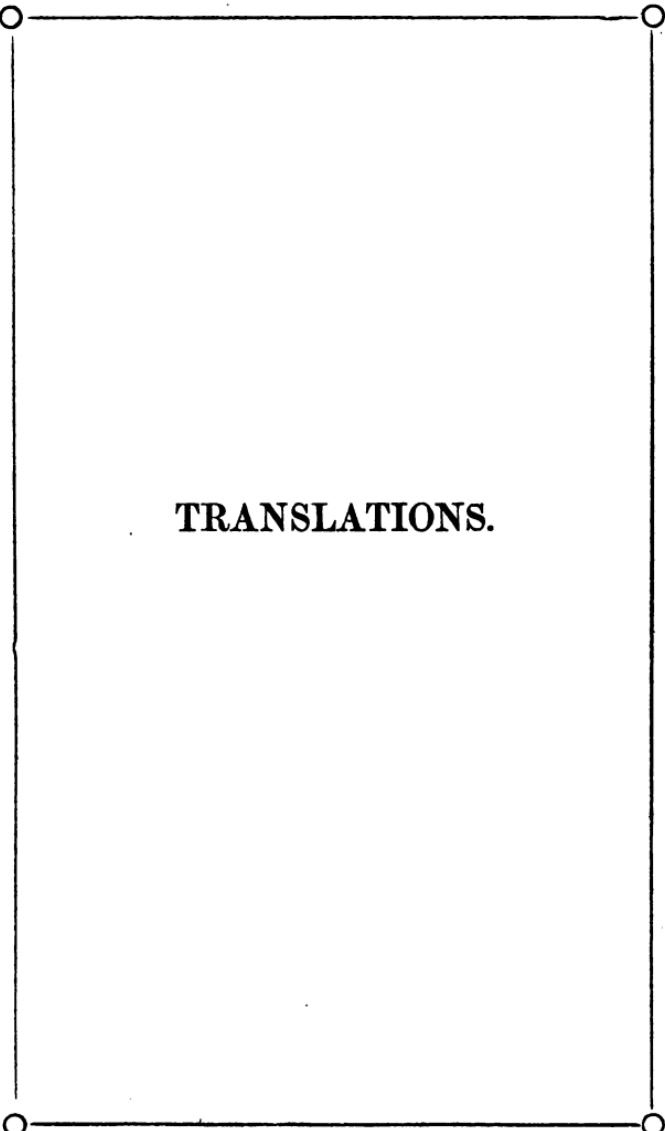
They cannot linger by our side,  
They cannot now on earth abide,  
To cheer our lone abode ;  
Nor may our dim eyes pierce the space  
Between us and the dwelling-place,  
Where spirits live with God.

Yet in the things we hold most dear  
The holy dead are very near ;  
Like us, we deem, they pray,  
Like us they wait their happiest hours,  
Like us the saints in Eden's bowers  
“Thy kingdom come,” may say.

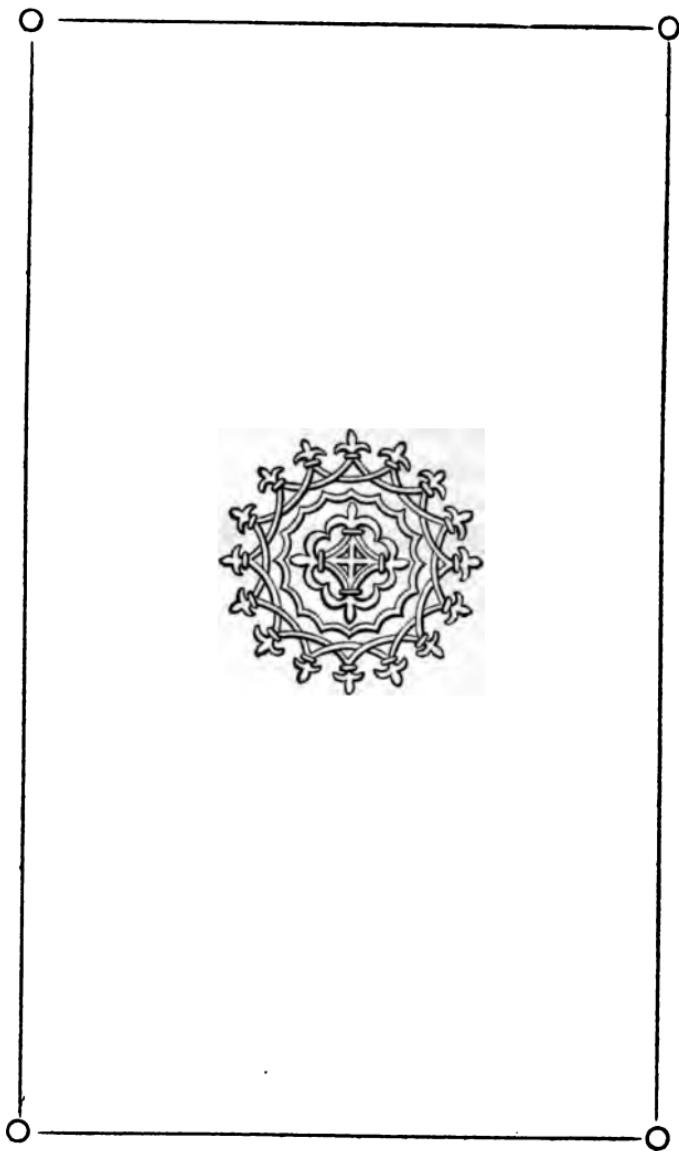
And they are with us when we kneel ;  
No more the weight of sin they feel,  
Who in the Lord abide ;  
But heav'ly voices swell the song,  
And heav'ly notes the strain prolong,  
When God is glorified.

Theirs is our hope, and theirs our praise ;  
With us the joyful psalm they raise,  
And high Communion hold,  
For saints on earth and saints above  
Partake alike the Saviour's love,  
One Shepherd and one fold.





**TRANSLATIONS.**



JAM LUCIS ORTO SIDERE.

*Brev. Rom., Per Hebd., ad Prim.*

Soon as the sunbeams tinge the sky<sup>e</sup>,  
Kneeling, we pray to God on high:  
Preserve us through the hours of light,  
And keep, O Lord, our steps aright.

Lord, give us strength our tongues to curb,  
Lest angry strife our souls disturb,  
Our wand'ring vision to controul,  
Lest vanities ensnare the soul.

O pure in spirit let us be,  
From sin and folly keep us free,  
With lowly thoughts and fast severe  
Our pride to quell, our flesh to wear;

That, when the day in darkness fades,  
And light is lost in gloomy shades,  
From worldly cares and passions free,  
Thy praise our constant song may be,  
O ever-blessed Trinity.

\* These translations, with the exception of those at pp. 37, 43, were written in 1845.

RECTOR POTENS, VERAX DEUS.

*Brev. Rom., Per Hebdom., ad Sext.*

ALMIGHTY Governor and Lord,  
Who ord'rest all things by Thy word,  
With splendour Thou the morn dost light,  
The glowing noon with sunbeams bright,

The flames of strife extinguish now,  
And fires of wrath that fiercely glow ;  
With health Thy servants' bodies bless,  
Their hearts with peace and holiness.

O holiest Father, God and King,  
Thou rulest each created thing,  
And with Thee reign Thine only Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.



ALES DIEI NUNTIUS.

*Brev. Rom., Fer. iii. ad Laud.*

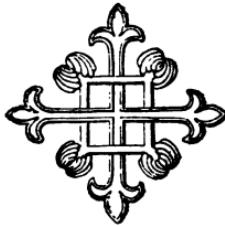
THE feather'd messenger of day  
Hails now the morning's firstborn ray,  
And the Lord, from heaven's high halls,  
To life and light each sleeper calls.

Hark, hark, His voice! "My servants, rise,  
Shall idle slumbers seal your eyes?  
For, lo! I come, the hour is nigh;  
Watch ye in faith and purity."

Our answ'ring voices let Him hear,  
To Jesus raise the early prayer,  
And weep, and watch, and fast, and pray,  
Till sleep's soft influence flee away.

Before Thee, Lord, dull sloth is driven,  
The chains of night by Thee are riven,  
Our deep offences wash'd away,  
Our dark souls lit with heav'nly day.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
All glory, power, and praise be given ;  
And men on earth, and saints in heaven,  
And angels bright the song maintain,  
Now and for evermore. Amen.



NOX ET TENEBRAE ET NUBILA.

*Brev. Rom., Fer. iv. ad Laud.*

Ye threat'ning clouds, together hurl'd,  
Ye shadows dark and drear,  
The daylight dawns upon the world,  
Christ enters, disappear.  
The shades of night retire apace  
His glorious beams before,  
And all things see His radiant face,  
When the bright sun begins his race,  
And dwell in light once more.

With simple hearts, O Lord, and free,  
We look to Thee alone,  
With tears and hymns we pray to Thee,  
O make Thy presence known,  
And turn our sin-stain'd souls upon  
The sunshine of Thy grace;  
For Thou, O Lord, art light alone,  
And glory beams around Thy throne,  
And evil flies Thy face.

TELLURIS ALME CONDITOR.

*Brev. Rom., Fer. iv. ad Vesp.*

MAKER of all things, kind and good,  
The earth Thou didst divide  
From the deep waters' spreading flood,  
And curb the swelling tide.

Thou bad'st it bring forth herb and root,  
And golden flowers to bear ;  
Thou gav'st us trees of pleasant fruit,  
And pastures fresh and fair.

My sinful soul do Thou make clean,  
And clothe it with Thy grace ;  
Let floods of tears wash ev'ry stain,  
And evil deed efface ;

That I may keep Thy holy will,  
Nor e'er to sin draw nigh,  
And, in that grace rejoicing still,  
May never fear to die.

LUX ECCE SURGIT AUREA.

*Brev. Rom., Fer. v. ad Laud.*

O SEE the golden light arise,  
And blindness from its presence flies,  
That long hath led our feet astray,  
In error's dark and devious way.

O may it bring a calm serene,  
That light, and shew us pure and clean,  
From guileful words abstaining still,  
From ev'ry thought and deed of ill.

To keep our tongues from falsehood free  
Our daily care must ever be,  
Our hands and wand'ring eyes from sin,  
Lest evil reign our hearts within.

For God, all-seeing, day by day,  
Sees all we do, hears all we say,  
Around us, and on ev'ry side,  
From morning's dawn till eventide.

To God the Father, God the Son, and Holy Spirit  
raise  
Now and for evermore the song of glory and of  
praise.

AETERNA CHRISTI MUNERA.

*Brev. Rom., Comm. Apost., ad Mat.*

OUR Saviour Christ's eternal gain,  
His holy apostolic train  
Wear chaplets, wreath'd with heav'nly bays,  
Their constant due are hymns of praise,  
And such with joyful hearts we raise.

Princes of Jesus' Churches ye,  
And captains of His victory !  
Arm'd soldiers in His hall ye stand,  
True lights ye shine, and ev'ry land  
Rejoices in your glorious band.

The holy saints' devotion true,  
The Christian's hope, still fresh and new,  
The perfect charity, display'd  
In all our Saviour did and said,  
The prince of this world vanquished :

These are the Father's glory bright,  
These are the Son's triumphant might,  
These shew the Holy Spirit's will,  
To guide and sanctify us still,  
And heaven with high rejoicing fill.

ALTO EX OLYMPI VERTICE.

*Brev. Rom., Comm. Dedic. Eccl., ad Laud.*

From heav'ly heights descending,  
Th' Almighty Father's Son,  
To lowness condescending,  
In mortal guise came down :

The stone, uncut and hallow'd,  
Foreshewn in vision high,  
The mystic stone of joining  
Betwixt the earth and sky.

And now the courts of glory  
With praises ever ring ;  
Th' High and Holy Trinity  
The blessed angels sing.

Our voices theirs shall echo,  
With theirs our hymns shall blend,  
With Sion's children's harpings  
For evermore ascend.

The wishes of Thy people,  
O King celestial, hear,  
And fill Thine earthly temples  
With lustre pure and clear.

The voices of the faithful  
Call on Thee, Lord of heaven;  
O make us ever grateful  
For all Thy mercies given.

Then, fill'd with gifts and bounties,  
Our souls shall bless Thy love,  
Till, freed from earthly bondage,  
They seek the homes above.

To Thee, O Father highest,  
Thee, only Son and true,  
To Thee, O glorious Paraclete,  
Is honour ever due:  
All honour, glory, praise, and power,  
Through endless ages evermore.



JESU CLEMENS, PIE DEUS<sup>1</sup>.

GENTLE Jesus, God benign,  
Jesus, sweetest love of mine,  
Hear, good Jesus, Jesus mild,  
Son of God and Mary's child.

Who may ever hope to tell  
Of the joy to love Thee well,  
Unto Thee in faith unite,  
Still with Thee find new delight?

Give, O give me words to prove  
All the bliss to know Thy love,  
With Thee weep, and sorrow bear,  
Ever in Thy gladness share.

Boundless Majesty above,  
Thou our hope, our life, our love,  
Make us worthy Thee to see,  
Ever in Thy presence be;

That with joy we sing and praise,  
Seeing, having Thee always,  
In the bliss Thy saints shall know.  
Amen, Jesus, be it so.

<sup>1</sup> Oxford, June 19, 1855 —The last piece written. The original Latin is printed in *Notes and Queries*, June 16, 1855.

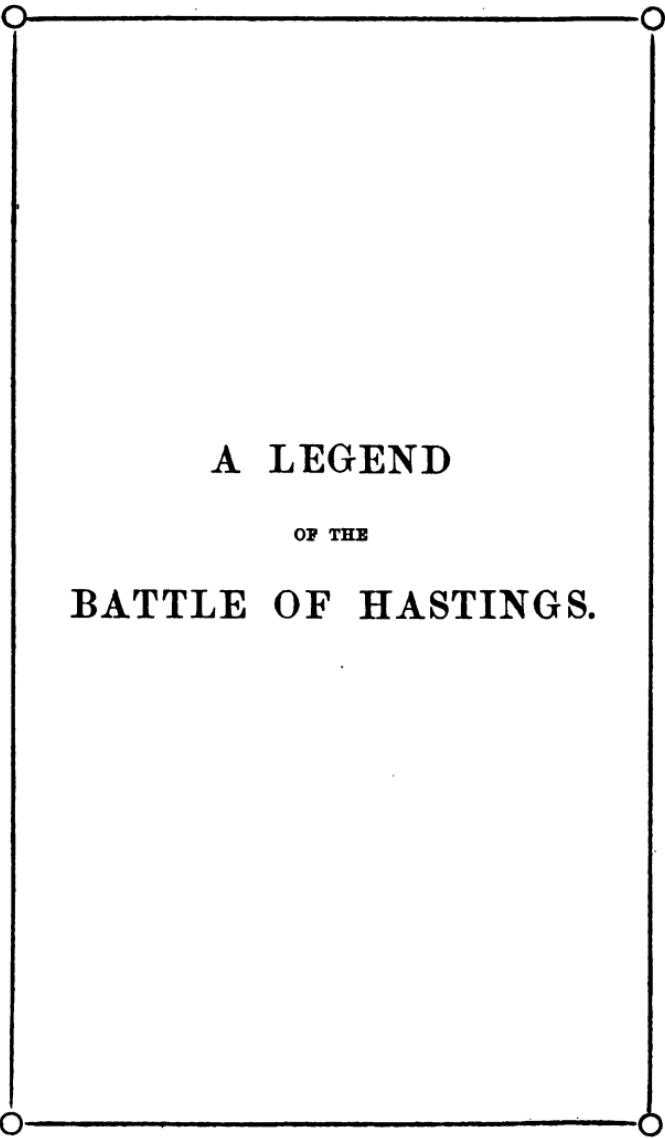
BISHOP LOWTH'S EPITAPH ON HIS DAUGHTER,  
IN CUDDESDON CHURCHYARD.

FAREWELL, my child ! dear that thy worth was great,  
For thou wast modest, wise, and holy too ;  
And dearer, that the sweet and sacred name  
Of daughter was thine own ; my child, adieu !

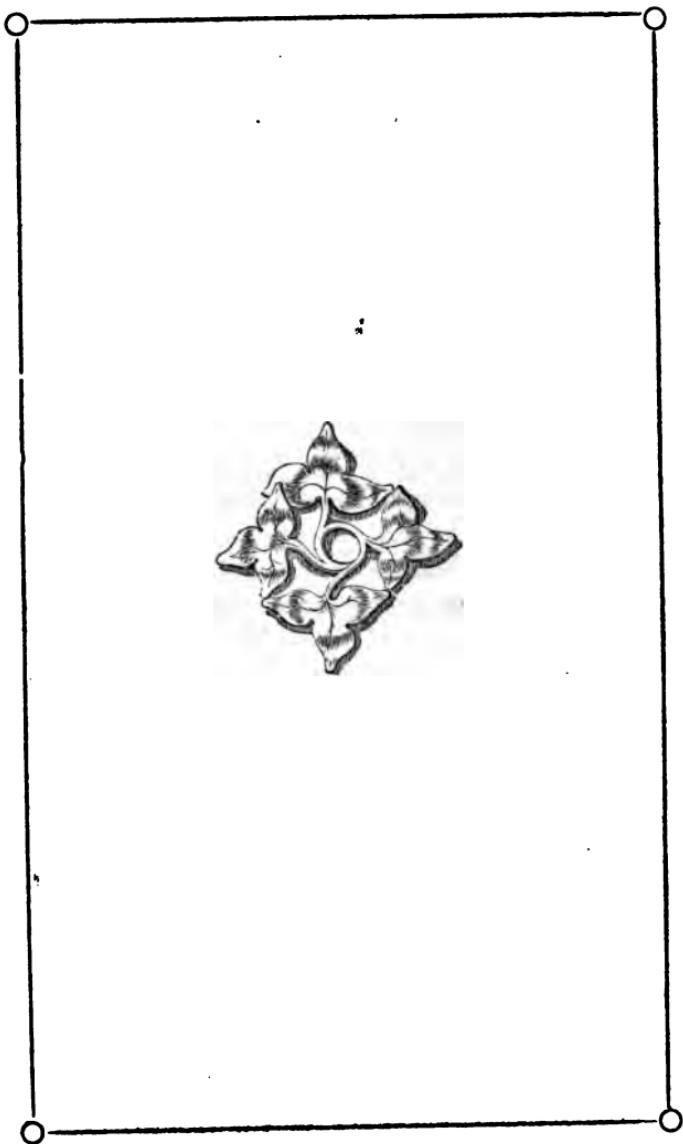
Dearest, farewell ! yet brighter times shall come,  
When I, from earthly cares and sin set free,  
In worlds where parting grief is all unknown,  
May once again behold and dwell with thee.

O happy day, then shall my cheerful voice  
Call on my lov'd and lost in scenes above :  
"Come, dear Maria ! seek the fond embrace  
Thou left'st awhile, and bless thy father's love."





A LEGEND  
OF THE  
BATTLE OF HASTINGS.



HAROLD<sup>s.</sup>

At Chester dwelt an anchorite,  
Within a cell of stone,  
Soon after Hastings' bloody fight,  
Eight hundred years agone.

And close beside that little cell,  
Where liv'd that hermit lone,  
There stood, as chroniclers do tell,  
The abbey of St. John.

And all who sought its church for prayer,  
At morning and at even,  
Still, as they pass'd, his voice might hear,  
Ascending up to heaven.

Full forty years they pass'd away,  
And brought no change to him,  
Save that his locks grew thin and grey,  
Save that his eye grew dim.

<sup>s</sup> In the *Hastings and St. Leonard's News*, May 11, 1855, but written Dec. 1845. For the story referred to, see *Giraldus Cambrensis, Itin. Cambr.*, lib. ii. cap. 11, and Sir F. Palgrave's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, p. 389.

King William found a Norman tomb  
    Beyond the rolling tide;  
Within a forest's leafy gloom  
    The red-hair'd monarch died;

And Henry, foremost of the name,  
    Made England fear'd afar;  
A prince was he of mighty fame  
    In council and in war.

In castle hall full royally  
    King Henry sat at meat;  
When, lo! a stranger youth drew nigh,  
    Low bending at his feet.

The monarch hearken'd to his words,  
    And ere the sun went down,  
He came, with all his noble lords,  
    In sight of Chester town.

And ere, from Chester's abbey tower,  
    Rang out the vesper bell,  
Alone he sought the humble door,  
    Which clos'd the hermit's cell.

The hermit on his bed of straw  
    An aged man was laid,  
But when fair England's king he saw,  
    He rais'd his hoary head:

“Now, royal Henry, mark my word,  
For once a king was I,  
And rul’d the land where thou art lord,  
Right well and mightily,

“Until, with torn and bloody brow,  
Amid the ghastly slain,  
As cold and pale, I lay full low  
On Hastings’ battle plain.

“When night her sable mantle drew  
That dismal scene around,  
They sought their king, a faithful few,  
Upon the bloody ground.

“They hid me from thy father’s sight,  
My grievous wound they dress’d,  
And many a weary day and night  
I found nor peace nor rest.

“For still th’ undying spirit dwelt  
Within its house of clay,  
And all the shame and sorrow felt  
Of that unhappy day.

“The while a mangled corse and bare,  
A fearful sight to see,  
Was borne to Waltham’s Abbey fair,  
And buried there for me.

“With pious care they brought a stone,  
Which on the grave they laid;  
The name of Harold wrote thereon,  
And prayers and masses said.

“And I, without or crown or land,  
A king in name alone,  
My sceptre in another’s hand,  
Another on my throne,

“To Chester took my lonely way,  
Where none my name might tell,  
And I might ever weep and pray  
Within this little cell.

“And morn and eve my fervent prayers  
Have still gone up on high;  
‘O Lord! regard Thy people’s tears,  
And grant them liberty.’

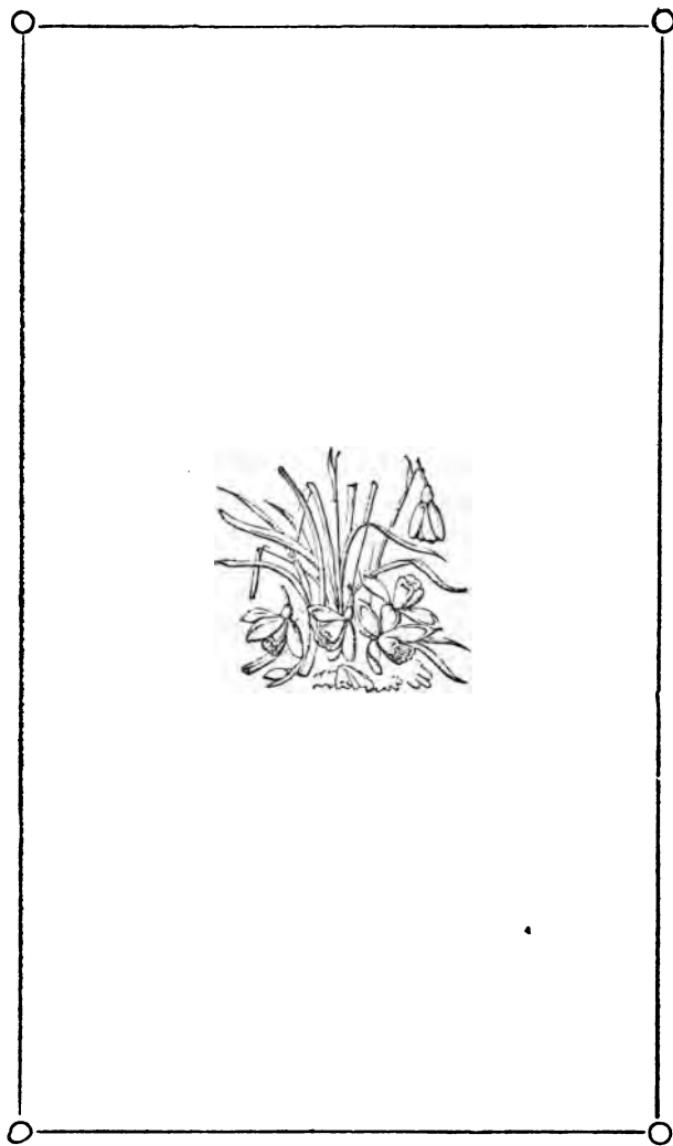
“And now, King Henry, mark and hear,  
For taught by sorrows dire,  
And, purified by fast and prayer,  
As silver in the fire,

“A truer wisdom is mine own  
Than busy years bestow,  
Though I am but a hermit lone,  
A mighty monarch thou.

“I’ve learn’d that earthly pomp and power,  
And earthly rule and sway,  
Are as the blossoms of an hour  
That open to decay.

“I’ve learn’d that kings are great alone,  
Who rule by laws divine,  
And peace that shuns the tyrant’s throne  
In faith and hope is mine.”





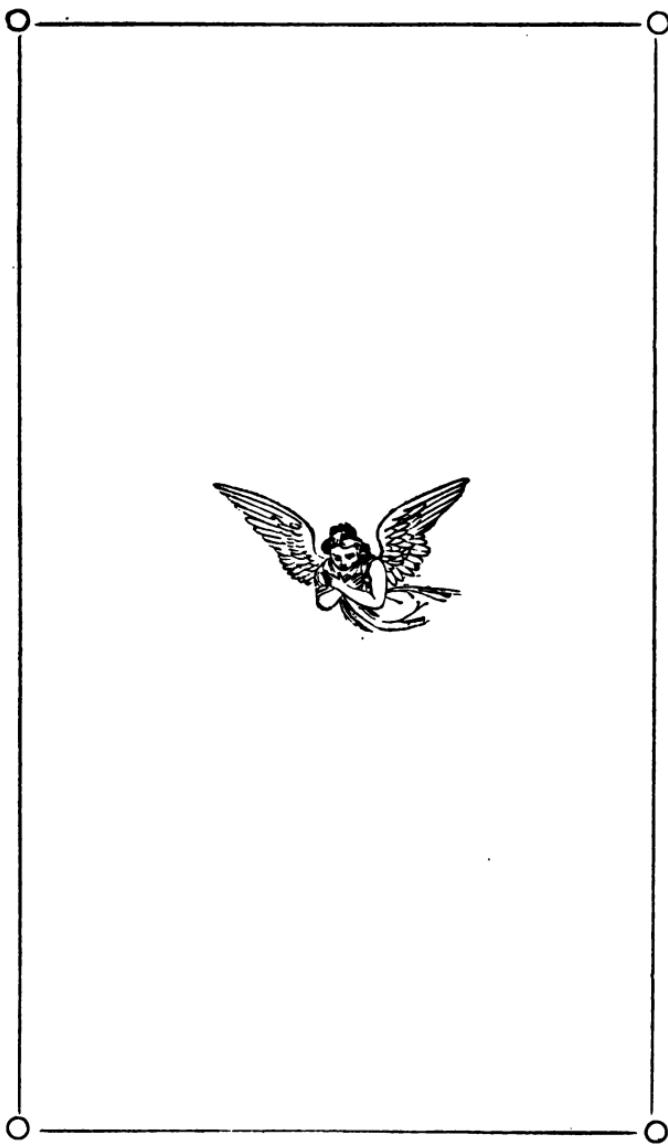
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“BUT I WOULD NOT HAVE YOU TO BE IGNORANT, BRETHREN,  
CONCERNING THEM WHICH ARE ASLEEP, THAT YE SORROW  
NOT, EVEN AS OTHERS WHICH HAVE NO HOPE. FOR IF WE  
BELIEVE THAT JESUS DIED AND ROSE AGAIN, EVEN SO THEM  
ALSO WHICH SLEEP IN JESUS WILL GOD BRING WITH HIM.”

*1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.*







